



You go to your barber, week after week, hoping the shampoo will cure your dandruff. But the dandruff continues to form as badly as ever. The trouble is you do not go at it in the right way. The scalp is diseased, and you must cure it before your dandruff will ever disappear. Simple washing will never bring this about.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

This splendid hair preparation cures dandruff because it cures the disease of the scalp, and then the dandruff soon disappears for good.

Ayer's Hair Vigor will prevent dandruff, and at the same time it will keep your hair soft and glossy.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

For Sale by HILO DRUG COMPANY

Oceanic S. S. Company

Time Table

The steamers of this line will arrive and leave this port as hereunder:

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.	
Sonoma	December 7
Alameda	December 16
Ventura	December 28
Alameda	January 6
Sierra	January 18
Alameda	January 27
Sonoma	February 8
Alameda	February 17
Ventura	March 1
Alameda	March 10
Sierra	March 22
Alameda	March 31

FOR SAN FRANCISCO.	
Sonoma	December 6
Alameda	December 21
Ventura	December 27
Alameda	January 11
Sierra	January 17
Alameda	February 1
Sonoma	February 7
Alameda	February 22
Ventura	February 28
Alameda	March 15
Sierra	March 21

In connection with the sailing of the above steamers the agents are prepared to issue, to intending passengers **Coupon Through Tickets** by any railroad from San Francisco to all points in the United States, and from New York by any steamship line to all European ports. For further particulars apply to

Wm. G. Irwin & Co.

LIMITED

General Agents Oceanic S. S. Co.

Union Barber Shop.

CANARIO & STONE, Props.

We Shave, Cut Hair and Shampoo at Let-Live Rates

All razors cleaned with antiseptics after being used.

Perfumes of the finest quality kept in stock, a trial of which is solicited.

We also take particular pains with Children's Haircutting.

UNION BUILDING, Waianaeue St.

PLANTERS' LINE

—OF—

SAILING VESSELS

Direct Line between SAN FRANCISCO AND HILO.

Bark St. Catharine, Capt. Saunders
Bark Amy Turner, Capt. Warland
Bark Martha Davis, Capt. McAllman

QUICK DISPATCH

For freight and passage apply to

WELCH & CO., Agents, San Francisco
C. BREWER & CO., Ltd., Agents,
Honolulu, or

H. Mackfeld & Co., Ltd.
AGENTS, HILO.

To Shippers.

All freight sent to ships by our launches will be charged to shippers unless accompanied by a written order from the captain of vessels.

R. A. LUCAS & CO.

HER FIRST PROPOSAL

By KEITH GORDON

Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure

It was the softest of spring days, and Mowbray and Miss Farrar strolled through the greenery of the park with the languid abstraction born of the first warm weather and a friendship of several years' standing. Though their eyes drank in the beauty of the scene about them—the great stretches of greenward, the trees and bushes that were bursting into the tender green of the season as into a sort of silent song—neither of them was thinking of it.

Miss Farrar, indeed, was living over other days inevitably brought back by the warm breeze and the smell of growing things—other springtimes when life meant only the beautiful possibility of love. And Mowbray was thinking of her and wondering if by any chance it would be worth while to tell her, for in spite of her unquestionable attractiveness he could not help feeling that he would find it hard to look into those calm, clear eyes and talk of love. Yet he was neither cowardly nor inexperienced. He simply had a natural shrinking from being regarded with suppressed amusement by the woman he loved. And in her apparent immunity from such emotions that was what he feared. She would in all probability only laugh her light, frank laugh and say, "Nonsense, Clark; don't be silly!"

He sent a speculative glance toward her as she walked beside him looking off into the distance with the preoccupied air of a woman whose whole mind was given to some engrossing and persistent thought.

"Let us sit for awhile," she proposed as they reached the top of a knoll where, under a solitary tree, a bench invited relaxation. Suiting the action to the word, she seated herself comfortably with her elbows placed defiantly on the back of the bench, an attitude peculiar to her aggressive moods and one which Mowbray had learned to recognize as premonitory of an intention to talk things out to a finish. He wondered what it would be this time, for he had long since dropped into his role of mentor.

He waited patiently with eyes that roved endlessly over the mansions on the far side of Fifth avenue, knowing in turn back a well worn score, knowing that her feelings would soon reach the point of overflow. At last she broke the silence.

"Do I look to you like a person selected by fate to be distinguished among women—disagreeably distinguished, I mean?" she demanded, turning toward him with a directness which challenged him with a directness which challenged him in a manner intended to convey that he was making an expert examination.

"No," he admitted, "I can't say that you do—that is." He stopped rather vaguely.

"Oh, now don't try to soften the truth," she interrupted quickly. "I'm after facts, and I am not going to lay anything you may say against you."

"I haven't the least idea what it is about, but I am glad that you are going to be no animosity," Mowbray observed politely. Then he settled himself to listen. It was one of his virtues that he never missed his cue.

Her next words came out rather abruptly.

"I'm not especially plain, do you think?"

Her tone was deprecating, but she turned her face toward him in a manner as impersonal as if she were calling his attention to the landscape. Then she continued impartially:

"That is, I suppose I would be classed as fair to middling."

He nodded assent with a gleam of mischief in his eye.

"To tell you the truth," her tone had dropped into the personal, confidential key—"I'm not at all concerned about my looks, but I've always flattered myself that I am rather interesting."

The statement ended with a rising inflection which made it a question, and it was evident that she was awaiting his decision with some anxiety.

"Rather interesting, I think we may say," he agreed suavely.

"And I'm sure I'm affectionate and fairly good tempered and—and—"

Mowbray encouraged her by a nod.

"—and domestic."

"I shall have to take your word for that."

"Well, I am domestic. I know I am! So I want you to explain to me"—her voice was growing tumultuous—"but first promise on your honor that you'll never tell—how it is that I've reached the age of thirty-three without ever having had a proposal!"

Mowbray threw himself back and roared, while her arms came down off the bench and she dropped her face upon her hands and sat looking at him with the puzzled air of a pupil at the feet of a master.

"When you've done laughing," she began with dignity.

"Pardon, dear, a thousand pardons!" He had never called her that before, and there was something in his voice which bespoke a new hope and confidence, but she was too engrossed in her pursuit of self knowledge to notice.

"I forgot to say that I'm sensible. Men always like that, you know. Anyway, they pretend to."

She finished in a way that suggested that she had her doubt of their sincerity. With a mighty effort her com-

panion swallowed his mirth and prepared to face the situation with her.

"Is it because you haven't wanted any one to ask you?" he inquired diplomatically.

"No, indeed!"

"And no man has ever told you that he loved you?" he murmured in a thoughtful tone. "Strange!"

"Well—now—I didn't say just that, you know."

There was a faint suspicion of a blush on Miss Farrar's smooth cheeks, but her glance met Mowbray's with its usual unflinching honesty.

"Men have told me that they loved me—several of them! But that's not a proposal, you know, any more than it's a purchase when I say that I adore a string of pearls at Tiffany's."

"A-h-h!"

The ejaculation was full of enlightenment. Mowbray was beginning at last to understand things that had always puzzled him, as his next question showed.

"Would it be impertinent to ask how you have received these declarations?"

"Why, I just listened! You see, it's embarrassing. It makes one feel so terribly conscious!"

"What about the man?" Mowbray asked quietly. "Doesn't it occur to you that perhaps he might need a little encouragement—that perhaps he might be a trifle conscious too?"

For a moment there was silence between them. The point of view was utterly new to Miss Farrar, and she was obviously impressed by it.

"I never thought of that," she admitted slowly. "I thought that sort of thing was so in a man's line—his métier." She laughed a bit ruefully.

A squirrel darted swiftly across the grass and, turning its head jauntily to one side, fixed a bright, inquiring eye upon them. Then, with a saucy wave of its tail, it hurried away.

"I have it," said Mowbray. "I have it! Learn from the squirrel! Lightness, alertness, coquettishness! Don't you see what I mean?" And he looked at her teasingly.

But she was not to be diverted. "I am serious," she assured him. "There's always a reason for everything, and there must be a reason for this. There's Alice Nixon. She's not so awfully pretty. I heard her say that she had had nineteen proposals!"

Miss Farrar's voice was touched with awe. Then a skeptical thought seized her. "Still—she's from the south!" she added, and her tone implied that an allowance should be made for the fact.

Mowbray bit his lip.

"Then there's her sister—just an ordinary nice girl—follows with fifteen. Marion Pierce owns up to a dozen, and Beth Garrett—dear, homely Beth—acknowledges six! I asked her because I specially wanted to find out. Perhaps you can imagine how queer it makes me feel."

"What do you say upon such occasions?" demanded Mowbray, watching the squirrel that was again eying them from a distance.

There was a palpable pause before Miss Farrar replied. But at last her straightforwardness prevailed.

"Sometimes I shake my head and look rather shocked. Then they think that I disapprove of such conversations—I think I'm noble, you know! At other times I laugh and say, 'I have never had one!' in a tone which implies just the reverse."

She finished this confession and looked at Mowbray out of the corner of her eyes in a way that drove the last vestige of fear out of his mind. This naïve woman, the person whose dignity and coldness he had stood aloof from in absolute embarrassment for so long—He could have laughed at the absurdity of it. Why had she never shown him her real self before?

"I think I shall propose to you," he remarked deliberately.

For a second she looked surprised, and then her eyes danced.

"Let it be in your best style," she pleaded. "Remember, it's my first, and I fear it may be my last too!"

He leaned toward her and looked straight into her eyes.

"It will be your last, undoubtedly!" His voice was low and tense. For a long moment he looked at her—looked in a way that first made her small ears burn and then troubled her clear gaze, which wavered and fell.

"I love you, dear," he said simply, "and I think you know the rest. Tell me that you do."

Her cheeks were hot and her lips trembled. A strong hand reached out and took hers in a masterful way, and she suddenly knew that something which she had never even dreamed—was true.

"But I asked you!" she moaned when at last she recovered something of her wonted serenity. "I positively asked you!"

"You encouraged me," he corrected, "and that's what they usually do, only your method was brutally direct."

It was when she began to flush again that he added, "I shall always have something to tease you about, dearest."

And the squirrel, which had been watching them in the lingering hope that they might possibly have brought him nuts, like sensible people, gave up in disgust and scurried away.

"I can agree with you, Miss Holloway of Chicago, but only in part. Your money is as good as that of other people, but no better. At the Great Eastern first come must be first served, and that," with a half bow, "is why we have been forced to give this room to Miss Holloway of Chicago."

His tone was courteous, but the girl felt the sting of underlying reproach. It was a new experience for her. All twenty years had not discovered a person who should dare to cross her. The great T. P. Holloway himself lacked the necessary courage, or rather, he openly encouraged her willfulness as a reincarnation of his own indomitable spirit. As for Mrs. Holloway, she was always a minus quantity on such occasions as demanded firmness. She preferred to be comfortably seated and wring her hands gently. Tears came

Fontenelle's Presence of Mind.

The distinguished French author, Fontenelle, was fond of asparagus cooked in butter. Cardinal Dubois was equally in love with the vegetable served with white sauce.

Being once invited to dine together at the house of a friend the effort was made to gratify the palates of both by preparing half the asparagus with butter and half with white sauce. While the preparations were in progress the news was brought in that the cardinal was dead.

Fontenelle did not wait a moment. Rushing to the door of the kitchen, he cried to the chef: "Jean, Jean! You may cook all the asparagus in butter."

MISS HALLOWAY OF CHICAGO

By MARY WOOD

Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure

She was so decidedly petite that even when she drew her figure to its greatest height the assumption of dignity was laughable. But her eyes sparkled dangerously as she faced the bellboy.

The bellboy was impressed. He eyed the door as if meditating escape before she proceeded to stronger methods.

"Now, see here," she exclaimed beligerently, "this is the third note I have written to the office, and I want a reply this time."

"If you would go down to the desk," the bellboy insinuated apologetically, "Mr. Parker—"

"No, I will not go down to the desk," Miss Holloway interrupted decidedly. "That head clerk Parker, or whatever name he answers to, shall come up here or I will know the reason why."

The bellboy departed promptly. "And, by the way," she called after him, "just hustle along some telegraph blanks on your way back. I have a few things to say to my father and some of his friends concerning the lack of accommodations at the Great Eastern."

"Oh, Belle, Belle," wailed Mrs. Holloway, whose ample form had collapsed in one corner of a red plush sofa "how can you make such a disturbance? Now, if your father was only here. But the two of us alone, without a protector!" And she rolled her eyes distractedly.

"Protector, fiddlesticks!" said the energetic Miss Holloway. "Have you no spirit, mother?" She began to pace the floor excitedly. "Would you be treated as a nobody—yes, the wife of Thomas P. Holloway? Consider your position."

Mrs. Holloway doubtless considered her position—she was absolutely at the mercy of her daughter's scathing tongue; therefore she maintained a discreet silence.

"They must be taught the deference due to us, the Holloways of Chicago," said the girl. She was very young and possessed of the follies as well as the graces of youth.

The bellboy now reappeared, holding out a handful of telegraph blanks like a yellow flag of truce. "Mr. Parker," he averred, "he says—he's coming."

Miss Holloway seized upon the blanks and flung herself into a chair beside the writing table. "There will probably be ample time to get off the telegrams before he comes. Things don't quickstep at the Great Eastern."

"But, Belle," Mrs. Holloway protested after the bellboy had closed the door in reverential fashion, "had you not better slip on another waist. Mr. Parker—"

"Mr. Parker," her daughter interrupted superciliously, "is a hotel clerk, a servant. This dressing sack is good enough for him."

She dashed off a telegram and read it aloud reflectively:

Dear Dad—We are being shamefully treated at the Great Eastern. If things are not remedied we will change to the Grand tonight. But don't worry. I am running this affair, and you can bet on me.

ARABELLA HALLOWAY.

"I think that will make things hot for the Great Eastern," she said triumphantly. She did not hear the knock at the door nor its noiseless opening. Her mother's voice startled her. "Belle, here is Mr. Parker, but remember—"

Mrs. Holloway's voice trailed off into a deprecating silence. Miss Holloway straightened up in her chair with the laudable pride of a judge about to confer sentence.

"Mr. Parker," she said impressively. "I have called you here to complain of the treatment to which we have been subjected by this hotel." She began deliberately enough, but the words soon tumbled over each other in her vehemence. "How dare you, she cried, 'how dare you put us into this stuffy back room, an eight dollar a day room, when we have always been accustomed to an eighteen dollar suite? Do you know who we are—the Holloways of Chicago? Is not our money as good as or better than other people's?"

The clerk remained silent. And now for the first time Miss Holloway looked up—far up—and encountered the serene gaze of his brown eyes.

Mr. Parker, the clerk, was tall—usually tall. But it was not merely his inches which gave authority of bearing. It was his self confidence, his mental poise. Intuitively Miss Holloway of Chicago realized that here was a man who would always be the master of circumstances no matter how adverse the contrivings of fate. Her judicial complacency vanished, and shame, hot checked and defiant, stood as a culprit at the bar, for a twinkling lurked in the cool depths of the brown eyes as he said easily:

"I can agree with you, Miss Holloway of Chicago, but only in part. Your money is as good as that of other people, but no better. At the Great Eastern first come must be first served, and that," with a half bow, "is why we have been forced to give this room to Miss Holloway of Chicago."

His tone was courteous, but the girl felt the sting of underlying reproach. It was a new experience for her. All twenty years had not discovered a person who should dare to cross her. The great T. P. Holloway himself lacked the necessary courage, or rather, he openly encouraged her willfulness as a reincarnation of his own indomitable spirit. As for Mrs. Holloway, she was always a minus quantity on such occasions as demanded firmness. She preferred to be comfortably seated and wring her hands gently. Tears came

easily and in nowise interfered with her heart action or gradual increase of avowals.

Now she looked entreatingly at her daughter and murmured, "Oh, Belle, don't, don't!"

Miss Holloway did not hear. Her world seemed falling about her ears. For the first time the shameful helplessness of her sex overcame her. But woman's wit came to her aid. Her lips trembled pitiously, and two large tears ran down her cheeks.

This was a new method of warfare. The redoubtable Mr. Parker stood aghast; then, as became a prudent general, threw out scout lines.

"Really, Miss Holloway," he said soothingly, "the whole thing is a trifle which we have foolishly exaggerated. In the morning you will laugh at your fancied grievances."

But still the girl's head was hidden in her folded arms, and her shoulders heaved. Mrs. Holloway sobbed, swaying comfortably back and forth. "If your father were only here," she wailed.

Mr. Parker looked from one to the other despairingly. He was a young man. A woman's tears are sacred—to the chivalry of youth. He cast discretion to the winds and capitulated.

"Don't cry, Miss Holloway," he implored; "please don't. I think that perhaps I can arrange the matter. A personal friend of mine has one of the suites. Perhaps for you—yes, I am sure I can arrange it."

"On your word and honor?" asked Miss Holloway of Chicago in a muffled tone.

"On my word of honor," he promised recklessly.

The girl lifted her head and laughed. She had not been crying at all. "You can stop your crying now, mother," she said cheerfully; "it is all over with."

She turned to the astonished Mr. Parker and extended her hand frankly. "And since you have acceded to my request," she said sweetly, "let me apologize for having asked in—well—rather peremptory fashion. It is a way I have, unfortunately. Of course your promise holds good?"

"Of course," replied Mr. Parker a trifle stiffly. He could not avoid taking her outstretched hand. "Of course," he repeated more heartily as some mesmeristic influence radiated from her finger tips to his. There was added respect as well as admiration in the brown eyes. He recognized her powers as a strategist.

Miss Holloway laughed. "I won, but I would not have if you had not been a gentleman. Mamma and I are very pleased to meet you, even in this informal fashion."

Mrs. Holloway beamed upon them. Peace and harmony were essential in her scheme of things.

And peace and harmony—and Mr. Parker—attended her and her daughter for the next few weeks. Mrs. Holloway beamed, Miss Holloway was radiant, Mr. Parker was assiduous—so assiduous, in fact, that Thomas P. Holloway on his advent on the scene felt called upon to interfere.

He did not hesitate, but Mr. Parker spoke first. It is a way youth has. And he did not mince matters. He struck straight from the shoulder.

"Mr. Holloway, I love your daughter; she loves me. We are going to be married. Have we your approval?"

"The mischief!" ejaculated the astounded T. P. Holloway. "Why, you're nothing but a hotel clerk. My daughter—"

Words failed him.

Mr. Parker was quite unmoved. "She does not object," he said easily. "Some day I shall own this hotel, then you will not object."

T. P. Holloway glared at him. "I will," he snorted. "And the sooner you take yourself off the better it will be."

"There is Belle to be considered," Mr. Parker insinuated gently. "She usually has her own way."

T. P. Holloway weakened visibly. "Yes; she usually does," he repeated more calmly.

And the matter of her marriage proved no exception to the rule. She did. And that is how Miss Holloway of Chicago became Mrs. Parker of New York.

proposal payable to C. S. Holloway, Superintendent of Public Works, as surety that if the proposal be accepted a contract will be entered into.

No proposal will be entertained unless made on the blanks furnished by the Assistant Superintendent of Public Works, and delivered at the office of the Superintendent of Public Works previous to 12 o'clock m. on the day specified.

The Superintendent of Public Works reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

C. S. HOLLOWAY,
Superintendent of Public Works,
Honolulu, T. H., Nov. 22, 1904. 5-3

Road From Kalahiki to Honokua.

Scaled proposals will be received at the office of the Superintendent of Public Works, Honolulu, T. H., until 12 o'clock m. of December 12th, 1904, for furnishing all labor, material and tools necessary to construct the extension of the Main Government Road from Kalahiki to Honokua, District of S. Kona, Hawaii, T. H.

Plans and specifications are on file at the office of the Assistant Superintendent of Public Works, with E. E. Richards, Agent Public Works Department, Hilo, and with Wm. Greenwell, Chairman of S. Kona Road Board, Hawaii, copies of which will be furnished intending bidders on receipt of \$5.00, which sum will be returned to the bidder after he has deposited his bid and returned the plans and specifications.

Proposals must be submitted on blank forms which will be furnished by the Assistant Superintendent of Public Works, E. E. Richards, and Wm. Greenwell, and enclosed in a sealed envelope addressed to Hon. C. S. Holloway, Superintendent of Public Works, Honolulu, T. H., endorsed "Proposal for Road from Kalahiki to Honokua, S. Kona, Hawaii."

Each proposal must contain the full name of the party or parties making the same, and must be accompanied by a certified check of 5% of the amount of the proposal, payable to C. S. Holloway, Superintendent of Public Works, as surety that if the proposal be accepted a contract will be entered into.

No proposal will be entertained unless made on the blanks furnished by the Assistant Superintendent of Public Works, E. E. Richards, and Wm. Greenwell, and delivered at the office of the Superintendent of Public Works previous to 12 o'clock m. on the day specified.

The Superintendent reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

C. S. HOLLOWAY,
Superintendent of Public Works,
Honolulu, November 15,